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M•P NEWS

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SPORTS

Lou Baus
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Pete Demarais
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Cecil Chappell
MULTILITH

C.I.&I.
PHOTO-PROC

THE M. P. NEWS IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY, BY THE MEN AND WOMEN OF THE MONTANA STATE PRISON, DEER LODGE, MONTANA, WITH THE PERMISSION OF THE WARDEN AND UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE DIRECTOR OF EDUCATION. THIS PUBLICATION SERVES TO GIVE THE INMATE AN OPPORTUNITY FOR CREATIVE EXPRESSION AND TO PROMOTE BETTER UNDERSTANDING BETWEEN PRISONERS AND PUBLIC. THE OPINIONS EXPRESSED HEREIN ARE THE WRITERS AND NOT NECESSARILY THOSE OF THE ADMINISTRATION.
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Volume VIII A Member of the Penal Press Number 3
January 1967

STIR-TIS-TICS

High Number	21 980	Low Number	6 235
Population Inside	342	Rothe Hall	206
Women's Quarters	8	Ranches	9
Misc. Trusties	4	Total Count	544

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About the Cover

This month's cover is a reproduction of Charles M. Russell's "Best Wishes," as painted by staff artist Pete Demarais.

the Editors Desk

Larry Dewey

To start off this editorial I would like to comment on the very fine work done by all the departments that worked on the December issue. As most of you know, an unusual amount of reduced writing was needed to produce all the material to be published. Our thanks go especially to C. I. & I. for the very fine work of the reduction of the typing; the photo-processing work was unusually clear, and we know by experience that such a clear printing of the words is not easy to produce. Also, hearty kudos go to the photographer, Louis Baus, for the unusually clear photos in that issue--the mountain scenery was a welcome change from the usual headings.

Both Don Fletcher, Designer and Cartoonist, and Cecil Chappell, Multilith Operator, worked hard and long at the task of trying to beat the Christmas deadline. They did the near impossible! If you recall my first editorial (October edition), you will remember that I did not promise the M. P. NEWS would always come out on time, but I did assure you that we would attempt to meet monthly deadlines, and this we have tried to do and are still trying to do.

However,there are a few items I feel should be brought to your attention. The first of these is that without <u>your</u> contributions there is no M. P. NEWS. Unless you

submit articles, poems, etc., who will? This is your magazine; it does not belong to the members of the M. P. NEWS staff--their job is to arrange and run off a magazine that is at least somewhat representative of the inmate body as a whole. This cannot be done unless you who temporarily reside in the castle, the dorm, Rothe Hall, the ranches, or Women's Quarters contribute. (By the way, you ladies at W. Q. are doing fine;keep it up!)

Any prison will find, if the inmates are honest with themselves, that what goes for the so-called majority is not always truly a majority. For example, if a poll were taken of any particular sport in the prison we would find that it is a minority that participates and a majority that watches. This is true of participation in baseball, basketball, weight-lifting, etc. And the same thing holds true when applied to the various clubs and the religious activities. About the only thing the majority is active at is "doing time." In relation to almost everything else the majority is a group of "watchers." So, perhaps it will come as no surprise that, as with everything else here, the majority in the prison in relation to the M. P. NEWS are again "watchers," reading and criticizing (both in the favorable and unfavorable connotations of the word).

What does this mean? That regardless of its accuracy in presenting the story of what is going on here, the story is, of necessity, presented from the standpoint of a minority.

The talent that can be tapped is extremely limited. We are constantly looking for new talent; and we must rely on those who we know have talent but who are not sharing it at the moment. Every editor it has been my privilege to work with has run into this problem; and for a small magazine like the M. P. NEWS it is a serious one.

Another problem we have is that not everything in the magazine is going to please everyone--nor, I might add, is it meant to. A good article is one that creates an impression on someone other than the writer--whether the reaction is one of "I agree" or "I'd like to slam that guy right in the nose." If it doesn't create some sort of reaction, I am of the opinion it just hasn't done its job.

The emphasis of this issue is on the Penal Press. The problems it has are numerous, both as a means of re-

porting what is going on within the prison environment and as a means of entertainment and a medium of creative expression for the incarcerated. For a view of other problems than those I've mentioned above I refer you to The Penal Press, p. 6.

What I'm driving at is, we are fortunate that we do have a medium with which we can share our ideas--whether these are expressed by article, story, poetry, art, comics, etc.--and thru which we can convey some of our ideas to members of the "free world" society. But it is up to us whether we will use it.

Common sense dictates that not everything that is submitted will be used. In a society of rebels (if I might call us that) we are bound to receive some items that are a little vitriolic--in fact, when I get my own dander up I am bound to write it down, thereby cooling off, and then I tear it up and throw it away. This is a good form of sublimation, but not all of it is good for reading material. I'm not saying you can't "slam" something here, but I am saying "Unless there is a constructive answer to what is 'slammed,' there isn't too much hope for the article being published." Fortunately, I haven't had to deny any material on this basis so far--No, K. W., don't start in on me now; I'd rather have a story from you! The rest of you--write; if you can't write--scribble! We'll use it if we can; you can bet on that! Especially seeing as gambling is illegal in Montana!

CORRECTION

Boy! Is this magazine's editor's ears burning!

In the December 1966 issue I stated "302,946 mentally ill patients were treated in Montana's state and county hospitals in 1964 at a cost of $2,281.27 per patient." As the number of such patients in this state for 1963 in such hospitals only totalled 1,600, obviously something is drastically awry. The quoted figures were correct, but not for Montana;they were taken from the World Almanac's figures as stated by the National Institute of Mental Health for the combined county and state hospitals in the United States.

It is gratifying to know that the error was spotted by a former editor of our publication, Jay Butler, and that he was willing to give us plenty of facts and figures to prove that this editor NEEDS MORE MATH! Anyway, thanks Jay. Maybe you can spot another goof for us sometime.

The PENAL PRESS

(Editor's Note: "From time to time articles in prison magazines make you stop and think. Be it ever so trite, if it makes you really think, it is a good article and well worth the effort to write it." Here we reprint two efforts showing two sides of a many-sided problem.)

THE PENAL PRESS OF NORTH AMERICA
(Via Australia's Tharunka as reviewed by The Harbinger)

Gradually, but surely, the public is becoming aware of a new form of journalism called "The Penal Press." In over two hundred Canadian and American prisons—federal and state penitentiaries, reformatories, houses of correction, and jails—the inmates are permitted to write and publish their views on everything from alcoholism to Zen Buddhism. Some of these publications are professional in appearance, writing and photography, while others are little more than poorly mimeographed joke sheets. The paper which some are printed on is of a better quality than that used by the big name publications such as Time and Life. Others are printed on the cheapest variety of newsprint obtainable. Some are completely uncensored, while others show the effects of rigid rules of censorship. Most of them are written in a completely objective manner; others are nothing more than whining, self-pitying pamphlets. All have one thing in common: they are written, edited and published by imprisoned men and women.

For more than half a century prison publications have existed; the earliest founded in 1883. Gradually more penal institutions allowed publications of newspapers and magazines under the editorship of inmates,but the publications were very closely censored.

Somewhere between 1883 and 1941, a prison editor conceived the plan to educate the public about prison and prisoners through his publication. He realized that only an enlightened society would step in and improve conditions in the nation's prisons.

As he began to write "progressive treatment" other prison editors picked up his theme. New publications were started; slowly at first, but with notable increase. Most of them were tightly muzzled by censorship--and still are--but a handful of progressive-minded officials allowed inmate editors virtually a free hand in presenting needs before the public eye, with a minimum of censorship.

This offered no immediate relief, but over a period of years many reforms have been directly attributed to the Penal Press. More and more magazines found their way outside prison walls, into the courts and the offices of government officials. Some of the articles touched home; the incessant chipping upon the boulder was leaving tiny scratches in the surface.

The Penal Press works under a handicap so large that it would discourage "free world" editors. The only remuneration has been the reward of watching some slow, half-hearted progress. Yet, the Penal Press continues to chip

away.

There are two classes of prison publications: prison newspapers, dealing only with local activities; and prison magazines, which cover not only local matters, but prison problems as a whole--problems that bedevil prisoners everywhere. The magazines attempted to show how these problems can be worked out to the advantage of both society and the prisoner.

No magazine anywhere can hope to please all its readers, and a prison magazine faces more problems than most. They have little money and, so, are unable to buy material. As a rule, they have very limited talent to draw from. They must attempt to please their prison readers, which means slam everybody and everything pertaining to law enforcement--and they must pass the censorship of prison officials. If they give the warden credit for anything they are immediately put in the pan for playing up to the administration. If they attack the food, or any other prison problem that is anywhere near touchy, they will not get past the censor. If they come up with a crusade of any kind they are generally attacked by both prisoners and officials at the same time. And, to top it off, many prisoners feel there is no use in continually harping on prison problems anyway.

From time to time, articles in prison magazines make you stop and think. Be it ever so trite, if it makes you really think,it is a good article, and well worth the effort to write it. That article may be read outside prison walls. If it should make some responsible citizen stop and think, it may have far-reaching consequences. Prison problems are as important outside the walls as inside. If the prison magazine, through articles, can make the outside world realize their importance, something is apt to be done about those problems.

The Penal Press, those publications that make an honest effort to champion progress, are dedicated to the enlightenment of the public about existing inequities that have beleaguered prisoners since time immemorial. It endeavors to point out with logic the need for a new concept in treating prisoners, and it strives to correct the misconception that prisoners are some strange breed of men.

Misunderstanding is the greatest cause of the world's ills, and there has never been a problem less understood by the public than that of the prisoner. Scattered across the continent there are many prison publications with one or more prison or law reforms to their credit. These publications, by presenting the situation of the prison inmate in a mature and straight-forward way, have started the deep thinking needed to institute the reformation. If, through a constant barrage of articles, a magazine can get just one problem solved, then indeed, it has proven well worth the effort to publish it.

Most important in correcting the misunderstanding by the citizen is to educate him. This requires time. It is a thankless task, for the average citizen does not care one whit about prison and prisoners until some member of his family becomes involved with the law. By then it is too late.

The Penal Press is trying to arouse a sleeping public. It points with sound reasoning how much better it is to spend a few extra dollars to genuinely reform the prisoner today than to ignore the problem and have to place him in prison again and again over a period of twenty or thirty years.

Yesterday, the Penal Press had scarcely one hundred readers. Today it is read by more than two million readers in many countries. It is no longer a weak voice crying in the wilderness; it is a sounding-board that echoes in the communities. It will send lobbyists into the legislatures with bills which propose appropriations that will build men in our correctional institutions, rather than waste potentially productive lives.

The man who instituted the Penal Publications for objective purposes was Tom Runyon, often referred to as "The Dean of Prison Writers." This was the highest praise his prison contemporaries could give him. He pointed the way--the right way--for all of us, and when we did something stupid, as we are inclined to do at times,he would tear the inmate writer to shreds with his pen. Through his writing Runyon won a number of reforms for Iowa prisoners. He informed the public about penal problems that have been familiar and frustra-

ting to convicts everywhere. There are still many unsolved problems, but there are too few Tom Runyons who put truth before freedom.

Tom Runyon began writing for the Penal Press when sentenced to several life terms in 1935, at the Iowa State Prison. Tom Runyon's life typified man's quest for the good way. In death he became a symbol of a new concept in penology, the belief that criminals can be rehabilitated. Through circumstances over which he exercised little control, Tom Runyon became a criminal, fugitive from justice, and finally a lifer at the Iowa State Penitentiary. His intelligence, his desire to focus public attention on unscientific penal practices, and his writing ability--encouraged by the prison warden--made it possible for him to wield a significant impact on public thinking. One effective tool in his hands was the column "Over Prison Walls" he wrote for the editorial page of a weekly newspaper. Many people were deeply impressed by the sincerity of the column and important publications, such as the "New Yorker," made mention of it on more than one occasion.

Tom Runyon ended his sentence--by death--in 1957, still fighting for prison rehabilitation. Runyon was a remarkable man in remarkable circumstances--a man that stood out boldly as a whole man in a limited world.

PENAL PRESS PROPAGANDA

By Michael J. Karabelas, Editor of the Atlantian

The Prison News media, operating under the guise of the Penal Press, has for years been propagandizing the public and--even worse--the prisoners themselves that the major cause and thus the responsibility for committed acts of anti-social criminal behaviour among its members rests wholly upon the shoulders of society. Public apathy and unawareness, discrimination and intolerance, ignorance and misunderstanding have also, it is charged, contributed to this end.

How very convenient! By directing the finger of accusation toward others a man is absolved of any culpability or complicity for his actions. Parents, environment, liquor, women, gambling, discrimination--all suddenly become handy pawns with which to saddle the blame. It is all made to appear as if it were all predestined to happen, that man was incapable of making a choice.

Taking this reasoning a step further, we can only conclude that this type of man is without dignity, incapable of exercising free will and devoid of the ability to reason as a conscious-thinking being. Indeed, if this be the case, he is blameless for his actions.

But men in prison do not admit to being this "type." They will rigidly and forcibly fight to assert their individuality, their ingenuity, their abilities. Why then, do we foster impressions upon the public and the prisoners which will, in the end, only act to our detriment? To be of any help to ourselves and the public, we must perforce "come of age" and admit to the two sides of the issue.

We cannot, in all instances, shift the blame for our criminal acts, our frequent returns to prison, our inability to cope with certain problems onto the lap of Society, and then turn right around and ask assistance and succor from it.

When we do this, then we are guilty of apathy and unawareness, discrimination and intolerance, ignorance and misunderstanding, but with one added trait--deceitfulness. This is hardly the attitude or conduct that begets friendship, understanding, and aid from a helping hand; rather, it insures that we shall get the "back of the hand" instead.

What can we do? There is no panacea at hand for this malignant condition. Rather, it is an individual problem which prison editors must wrestle and pin to their editorial desks. The onus is on us--The Penal Press--and, indirectly, the prisoners; it remains our responsibility therefore to remove it. We cannot, in all good editorial conscience, do otherwise.

How can we start? A good beginning would be to admit that we did do wrong--and then take it from there.

I think that statement has been heard by these tired ears a million times. I even believe it myself sometimes. After all, didn't I, twenty-five years or so ago, toss up school because I thought I was the smart guy?

It started like this. Fish row, then the mess hall. Not much there, I must say. Then, the prospect of a long stretch doing laundry for X number of other convicts. Well, what is this interview? School? And a big, hearty har-har! Me? A schoolboy?

Oh well, I'll give it a try, just for kicks.

Guess who got the wise-up treatment? Old yours truly. I found out that smart doesn't necessarily mean intelligent.

At first I wasn't quite sure of what was expected of me to earn my extra three days a month good time. It was quite amazing to find I didn't have to do a thing for the school. All I had to do was something for myself! I tried it. It worked! The more I did, the more I wanted to do. The school was happy to give me the openings to do so.

I doubt if its necessary to go to extremes to paint a glorious picture of our school. After all, we don't have a fabulous set-up, nor a remarkably large staff of learned professors. All we have are our couple of civilians to oversee the works, and a bunch of con-teachers who do their best to share their knowledge with all-comers.

Won't do any good on the streets, you say? Did you know a study of parolees on the streets shows chances of pulling a good parole on the streets are increased well above the average after school? And as for knowing something--well--I'll bet any student in my class can show an easier and better way to do things. Maybe the people

they might work for already know these things, but if the guys know it too guess who is going to be telling the laborers how to do it! And who gets paid the most?

I think perhaps pride of accomplishment plays a large part in any man's life. I am very proud of the fact I was allowed the chance, at this late date, to continue my education. I receive my diploma this quarter and, believe me, I am extremely proud of that fact.

I will be teaching during the coming quarter. I hope there are many who want to share my knowledge, as others like myself shared theirs with me. Care to join us?

Oh yes, I know. School is still for squares. So be it. Only, I hope when I leave this place, I'm not only a smart guy, but also an intelligent one. If my alma mater, the M. S. P. School, keeps me out of these places I may even have to hire some kid to file the corners off my honest-to-God, fourteen-carat square-john self.

Signed: A cube-type Student Teacher

"We're going back for iced lemonade and cake, Butch, if you care to join us."

Nimrod in Extremis

Bill McClure

The hunter struggled through the dense undergrowth in the wake of his two dogs. In spite of the excellence of the dogs, the plentiful quantity of game birds to be found in the area, and a good weapon, his bag was still empty after a grueling day in the field. This was to be attributed to his atrocious marksmanship. No seeker of feathered game could be any more bountifully endowed with equipment and so inept in properly employing it.

As he came out of the stand of timber he was elated to see the dogs at the point near the lake's edge. In a stand of wild grass turned brown by the democratic fingers of winter's first frosts, and levelled to some extent by the vagaries of the wind and the passage of transient beasts of the field, was the quarry. Unseen but pinpointed as to location by the sensitive olfactory organs of the hunter's faithful assistants.

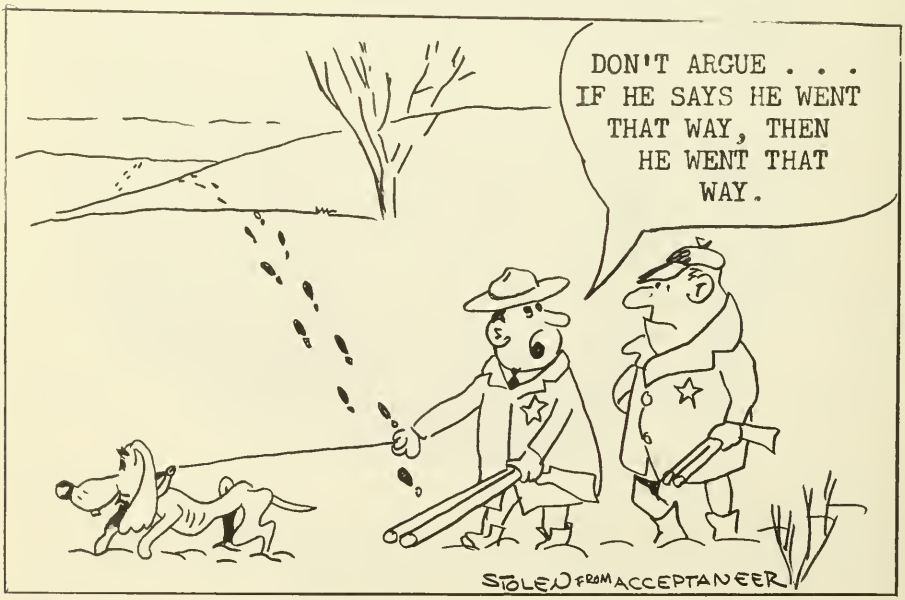
Stealthily he approached the area indicated by the dogs as the spot where the elusive prey was waiting to become his first victim of the season. Carefully he went through the motions of putting his weapon in readi-

ness for action. Gun at the ready the hunter, carefully placing one foot before the other and testing the footing, but never taking his eyes from the covert where the birds were presumed to be, approached his personal moment of truth. The dogs edged forward, straining to control their natural canine instinct to flush the quarry and give chase. This was the result of splendid training.

Suddenly a cacaphony of sound! A roaring as if a tornado! The flashing of brilliantly hued plumage and the birds were in the air and bound for the lake. A veritable fusillade of gunfire. A series of explosions reminiscent of terrible battle and strife. The clash of ejector mechanism and dry "clunk" of empty shell cases on the hard ground.

Alas! No feather had been touched. The feathered wraiths escaped unscathed. The dogs gazed mournfully, still half on the point, after the quarry that might have been. His bag still empty, and his gun now in like condition, our hunter gazed wistfully after the flown birds, too. This moment of sadness was his and the dogs' alone to share before departing for home, with nothing to show for a day in the field save stories of what might have been,--if only---."

* - * - *



KUDOS TO

Almost every magazine gives a lot of credit to the immediate staff that writes up and arranges its format, but often the most important man is not given the credit that is his due. On the M. P. NEWS staff we have such a person in Cecil Chappell. Without his efforts in running the multilith there just wouldn't be a paper. Besides the M. P. NEWS, he also runs off our sister publication, The Lodgers Ledger, and countless forms, stationary, and other items that need to be run off. Here, if anywhere, is the central key to The Penal Press here and elsewhere!

NOTICE TO ALL PENAL MAGAZINES

For the past few months we have been receiving notices and cards from you. These cards have urged us to send our zip code number to you. I do not know how the mailing situations are at other prisons, but here it is quite impossible for us to return these cards with our zip code.

We have been using our zip code as part of our return address on the back of this magazine for the past year, and I am sure that most of you have it in your files by now.

We do not wish to be excluded from any penal publication, so if you do not have our zip code recorded--please do so now!

NEWS in BRIEF

We are soon to have a new full-time photographer at the Montana State Prison. Louis Baus, whose photographic ability is evident in this magazine, will be leaving us for the greener pastures of "Home Sweet Home." We appreciated the work he put into the magazine through his department.

Our new photographer will be Richard Morsette. Most of us know him as a fine boxer and all-around sportsman. Richard does not come to the photo-lab unprepared; he has already proven he is adept in this work. Welcome to the M. P. NEWS staff, Dick!

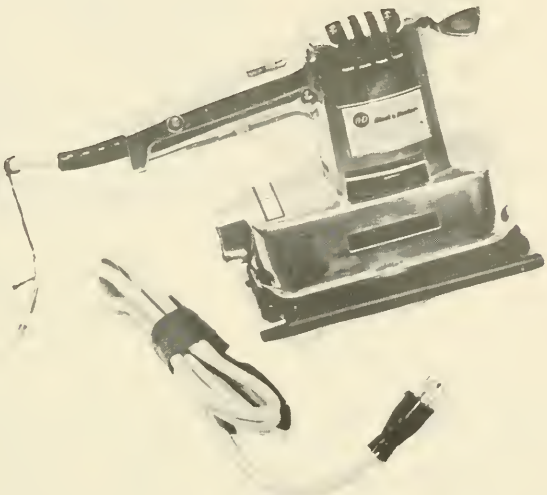
It is hoped that this month will hail the arrival of new radio head-sets installed in the cell house. They are being assembled in the electrical shop of the powerhouse and are about ready to be delivered.

These sets are of the jack type with harness and with an antennae erected it is hoped that reception will be vastly improved.

This anticipated improvement will be appreciated as much by us few non-radio addicts as by the listeners.

Speaking of radios and electricity, what causes all that electricity in the cell house? Have you noticed

how slowly one has to handle his sheets and bedding and refrain from touching metal to keep from getting juiced? In the six years that I have wandered in and out of this institution the electricity this year is the worst I have seen. What causes it? And why is it so bad this year?



No, that is not a Martian invention pictured above;not a secret weapon from Communist China; and not even harmful. Far from it! The machine above is the latest addition to the equipment to be found in the M. S. P. Toy Shop.

A great deal of sanding is necessary in order to give many of the toys repaired each year the smooth surfaces they are supposed to have. Much of this sanding has been done by sheer muscle power in the past.

Learning of this problem, the Helena Jaycees decided to do something. Their answer was to buy a Dual Action U-240 Deluxe Model Sander made by Black & Decker and donate the machine to our Toy Shop.

With the aid of this machine the job of providing smooth surfaces to many of the toys will be made faster, less tiring and easier. In many cases the end result will be even smoother than formerly. There is no doubt that the sander will be put to real good use.

Equipment of this kind is always welcome. Our appreciation is extended to the Helena Jaycees for their thoughtful contribution.

the Shadow

"Darn, if I don't think I'm gonna be better than that guy (Liberace)!" So says Jack (Fingers) Evans...Leroy (The Bird) Kirkland, flying the coop, is now roosting comfortably in the dorm...Little Light exclaimed, "Man, ah is about starved! Sure wished I had some dry meat. Jerky to you, paleface."...Willie (The Strike-out King) Weinberger, flexing his million dollar arm in order to control that fast breaking, curve ball...Gordon (McGoo) Denny, since arriving out at Rothe Hall, is now top medicine man...Norman (The Chain) Kane, having trouble with his will-power. You better not do that!...Sterling (The Stilt) Wallace, out on the court and popping the nets from all angles...Frank (Hot Rod) Shambo, just cruising along and getting shortitis...Seab ("Am I as pretty as that guy?") Vincent, making like Johnny Cash ...John (Polecat) Michel, warming up his vocal chords, Sing...Richard Morsette, learning the picture taking business...Speaking of chow, saw Rocky ("You won't see me back in here!") Stanton slinging hash. Big deal!... How's that! No, you don't say! Well, I'll be! George (Pretty Boy) Mastel, quitting Rothe Hall after three years. Son-of-a-gun! Well, you can't win them all... The Shadow observed an "Old Man" swish the nets a time or two with a few hook shots. Gerald (Skyscraper) Van Nuland was shocked and amazed, and was overheard saying,

"How sloppy can you get." All it is, is skill, Van, skill!...It could only happen here, and it has, when cooks are a dime a dozen. So what? So maybe Jay (Hotcakes) Brian is chief cook at Rothe Hall and I hear he is gonna open a quick-lunch stand when he gets out, making mud pies--so says his good buddy, Levi (No Doze) Menz...Carl E. (The E. stands for Eitner) Frodsham challenging anyone to a kicking contest...Larry (The Kid) Nelson asking Harold (Century) Brown what the weather picture was like up there...That cowboy that you heard singing that song called "Cattle Call" was none other than Bobby Joe (Big Daddy) Overton, feeding them critters out at Ranch 2...Allyn (Cottage Cheese) Bain handing out free coupons in the commissary line...Recently a poll was conducted inside the walls here to determine who was the swingingest swinger in the joint, and the result was that Lawrence (Buster) Morran won in a landslide--Joe (Big Boss) Johnson was a distinct second; and bringing up the rear was that old cayuse, Mike (Safeway Sam) O'Rourke...The Shadow asked the pitcher, Martin, what happened to his head and he said, "I drupped a waite on my head," so that put an end to his muscle-building sessions...A lot of guys are accident prone, like Jim (Bronco Buster) Woodland, getting hurt on the football field...Donald (The Turkey) Toms, moving the picture all over the screen--half on and half off; well,that don't make him a bad fellow...Our old swamper, Leonard (Chief Bible-back) Hammer, giving up the typing class in favor of the school...Harold (Pineapple) Ebeling thinking seriously about raising pumpkins in southern Cal...John (Bullriding) Deitz, disposing of his property in Helena...Joe (The Drugstore Cowboy) Hungry thinking of going into the leather business on Moccasin Flat (This is the high rent district south of Browning, Montana--a suburb of, more or less); so sez his partner and advisor, McClelland Moore...Tommy ("It's Training") Jackson making like Gene Autry during AA...Albert (Mutt) Calf Looking in competition with Cecil (Songbird Extraordinary) Chappell, or something like that!...

"Man is only true to himself when he surpasses the limitations inherent in his nature. And only in a planned society may he surpass these limitations--through the necessary curtailment of his freedom."

Contributed by: John R. Michel

MOVIES CLARK THEATRE

SABOTEUR

FEB 11

FEB 18

FEB 22

THE VISIT Ingrid Bergman, Anthony Quinn, Irina Demick, Valentina Cortese. Somewhere in Middle Europe, a slowly dying town is galvanized into fresh life by the visit of a former citizen, now the world's richest woman. It is soon plain that she is prepared to help the town – provided the man who ruined her twenty years ago is put to death. (He is now a successful merchant in the town.) The townspeople are outraged at her suggestion at first, but greed and cupidity win out over friendship and loyalty. Bergman, as the embittered woman with her cold eye and icy smile is superb. Quinn as her former betrayer, though a shabby figure, evokes sympathy. A powerful, provacative, adult-type drama.

FEB 25

ZORBA THE GREEK

ROTHE HALL

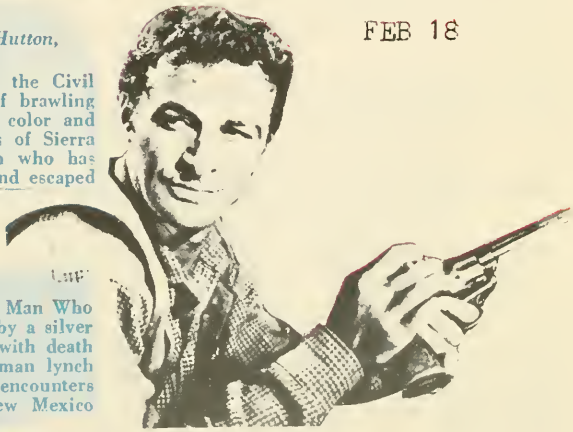
FEB 11

MAJOR DUNDEE (Color) *

Charlton Heston, Richard Harris, Jim Hutton, James Coburn, Senta Berger

The flaming Southwest in the time of the Civil War is the setting for a lusty story of brawling action and strong emotion. Filmed in color and partially based on historic fact, it tells of Sierra Charribea, marauding Apache chieftain who has massacred a company of U.S. Cavalry and escaped back to his sanctuary in Mexico.

FEB 18



NINE LIVES OF ELFEGO BACA (Technicolor)*

This is the illustrious true story of "The Man Who Couldn't Be Killed". Bound to the law by a silver star, Baca encounters many close calls with death as he single-handedly stands off an 80-man lynch mob — a 33 hour siege and many other encounters with the "wanted" men within the New Mexico territory during the 1880's.

FEB 22

PANIC BUTTON *

Maurice Chevalier, Jayne Mansfield, Michael Connors, Eleanor Parker, Akim Tamiroff

A funny, fast-moving comedy about a wheeler-dealer business tycoon who tries to lose half a million dollars as a tax write-off by producing a TV pilot show of "Romeo and Juliet," stars Maurice Chevalier as a washed-up old actor hired for the leading role with Jayne Mansfield for his co-star. His ex-wife is hired as an agent and drama coach Akim Tamiroff as the director. When the cast learns the film was produced intentionally to lose money, they steal a print and enter it in the Venice TV Festival where the drama wins an award as the year's best comedy!

RIO GRANDE

John Wayne, Maureen O'Hara, Ben Johnson, Claude Jarman, Jr., Victor McLaglen.

Another great picture, directed by John Ford and destined to follow in the tradition established by Republic's SANDS OF IWO JIMA. Here is presented the greatest chapter in the glorious history of the United States Cavalry.

FEB 25

TOBACCO by Leonard Hammer

Tobacco is a vile weed, so why like it?
It satisfies no normal need, so why like it?
It makes you long, it makes you lean,
It takes the hair right off your bean--
The vilest thing you've ever seen!
So, why like it?

Two of the inmates were sharing the "grape vine" news with each other and one produced a rather startling piece of gossip. The other looked at him wide-eyed and asked if it was true. The first con said, "I hate to admit it, but I made it up myself." His friend replied, "Okay--just so long as it's from a reliable source."

A Catholic priest, a Protestant minister and a Jewish rabbi were discussing "giving to the Lord."

The priest said, "I draw a circle and throw the money up. What lands in the circle is mine and the rest belongs to the Lord."

"I draw a line," said the minister, "what lands on this side is mine and what lands on the other side is the Lord's."

"I do it differently," said the rabbi. "I throw it up. What the Lord wants He can take and what comes back down is mine."

Hearing a strange noise in the night, a country minister investigated and found a burglar ransacking the kitchen. He took his shotgun and called down from the stair landing, "Beloved friend, I wouldn't harm you or

any of God's creatures--but you are standing where I am about to shoot."

Alaskan: "North of the Arctic Circle I've seen the wind blow 60 miles an hour all night long."
Texan: "That's nothing, in Texas I've seen the wind blow 60 miles an hour all night long too."
Alaskan: "So, how long are your nights?"

The Russian government had a plan to improve the yield of wheat. After having followed the recommendations for a season, a farmer was being interviewed by a government representative. "Why, I tell you," commented the farmer, "if I piled all the wheat in one big pile, it would reach from here to God."
"Don't say that so loud," replied the government man. "I don't want to have to turn you in. You know there isn't any God."
"And there isn't any wheat either,"the farmer replied.

"I've brought you a Red Cross Nurse," said the doctor.
"Take her back," yelled the patient, "and bring me a blonde, cheerful one."

Two waiters were standing at a table over which a somewhat groggy customer had fallen asleep. Said one: "I've already awakened him twice. Now I'm going to awakened him for the third time."
"Why don't you throw him out?" asked the other waiter in disgust.
"Why, I wouldn't think of such a thing!" exclaimed the first waiter. "I've got a good thing going here. Every time I wake him up, he pays his bill!"

A girl went to the newspaper office to fill out a form concerning her coming wedding. When she came to the item, "Groom's position," she paused, then wrote: "Beside the bride."

"Have you any religious conviction?" asked the prison chaplain, eager to help the new arrival.
"Well, I reckon that's the right phrase," answered the prisoner, after thinking it over. "I was sent here for robbing a church."

HI ROLLER
BY FLETCHER
I'VE GOT TO FIND A HOBBY I CAN MAKE SOME MONEY AT.
CROTCHETING! ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND?
WHAT DO YOU
I AM, SOME
OF SISSY
NO! I DON'T WANT A STUPID HOBBY LIKE CROTCHETING!
I'VE MADE $1
OFF MY HOBBY SO FAR!

WHAT TYPE OF HOBBY DO YOU HAVE?
WHY DON'T YOU TRY CROTCHETING? THAT'S WHAT I DO.
THINK KIND ?
CROTCHETING IS FOR WOMEN YOU MORON!
50.00
STORE
...AND SOME YARN AND 3 CROTCHET HOOKS.

PORTRAIT OF A WINNER

By FLETCHER

Seldom does this paper venture into the affairs of the Alcoholic Anonymous group here as they have their own magazine, The Lodgers Ledger, to record their meetings and group activities.

But one outstanding man in this group has attracted my attention--hence this article about him and, indirectly, the AA group here.

Norman Kane entered this prison for the fourth time in January 1966. He was sentenced to two years. He appeared at the parole board in May of this past year and was deferred to February 1967. At the time of this writing he has 121 days left until he is discharged. Norman is 34 years old and is a six time loser. He has been convicted of six separate felony charges in his 34 years.

He first became acquainted with the Alcoholics Anonymous program at Rawlins, Wyoming in 1959. Since that time until he began serving his present sentence, he attended AA meetings sporadically and with little enthusiasm.

We will leave Norman for a little while and examine a penitentiary Alcoholics Anonymous meeting. There are

groups of men and women in virtually every prison in the United States who gather at specified times to reaffirm their allegiance to God-unknown and seek His help to aid them in combatting alcohol.

These prisoners of penitentiaries are also prisoners of their own desires. Many of them are incapable of abstinence on their own accord. They must seek the companionship and aid of others like themselves to effect and maintain a divorcement from alcohol.

The individual belonging to an AA group relates the story of what he was like before AA, what he is like now and what he wants to do in the future. Many of the men who attend these meetings are sincere in their desire to stop drinking.

There are others who come for a multitude of reasons, none of which are connected with alcohol. Some come for the coffee and cake that is served. Some attend because they want to impress the parole board or prison officials. The prison politician shows up in hopes that he will be called on to talk. Some men come to visit, to collect or pay off cigarettes,to seek a favor, see someone or merely to get out of their cells. But the AA groups are tolerant groups and they don't care why a man attends as long as he behaves in a reasonable manner. They are always hoping that some of the AA philosophy will rub off on someone who needs it (and sometimes this happens).

This was the case with Norman Kane. He began attending for release from his cell, and wound up by becoming AA's most eloquent and sincere spokesman. His earnestness of manner has convinced me of his sincerity in this program. Another convincer is the fact that he has nothing to gain prison-wise.

As mentioned before,Norman is discharging in 121 days. He isn't interested in impressing the parole board or any prison department.

He said that he didn't adopt the principles of this organization for anyone or anything but for himself, and for the benefits that he would derive from practicing these principles.

Norman stated that he wouldn't quit drinking unless it was a matter of life and death, and that is what it is. He considers the time spent inside these walls as death and knows that if he continues to drink he'll return to this living death.

He sees himself 15 years ago mirrored in the face of a new arrival, and realizes that possibly he, with his knowledge of alcohol and an alcoholic's viewpoint, can help someone keep from making the same mistakes he did so many terrible years ago.

When he leaves here, he would like to enter some field of alcoholic treatment, such as an AA counselor, or some job which brings him into contact with alcoholics who want to become non-addicts. Norman would be an excellent man for this type of job as he has a good personality and is a very convincing speaker on the harmful aspects of alcohol.

I asked Norman what he planned to do about his old drinking friends that he would possibly encounter on the streets. He replied that he would not forsake old friends, but that they would probably abandon him once they learned that he didn't care to drink. He believes that there will be such a disparity in desires that his drinking friends will not be interested in him. He further stated that his interests would be identical with men and women that he would meet through AA meetings. These would be his new associates.

Whether or not this man, Norman Kane, self-professed failure and six time loser, will become a success remains to be seen. I believe he can. I do not believe he will suffer any more falls and that this is not a chronicle on a loser, but a portrait of a winner!

Departing guest: "Well, good night--hope I haven't kept you up too late."

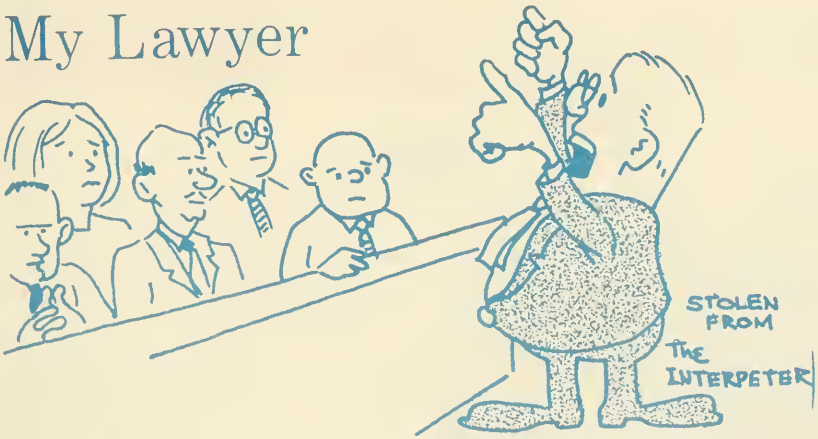
Host: "Not at all. We'd have been getting up soon, anyway."

Stepping out between acts at the first production of one of his plays, the late George Bernard Shaw said to the audience, "What do you think of it?"

This startled everybody for a few moments, but presently a voice in the pit cried, "Rotten!"

Shaw made a bow, and melted the house with one of his Irish smiles. "My friend," he said, shrugging his shoulders, and indicating the audience in front,"I quite agree with you, but what are two against so many?"

My Lawyer



When grappled in the law's embrace,
Who first betrayed an anxious face,
And fain would shield me from disgrace?

MY LAWYER

Who told me I should not confess,
That he would all my wrongs redress,
And set me free from all distress?

– MY LAWYER –

When sick in jail, I senseless lay,
Who took my watch and ring away,
Lest prowling thieves on me should prey?

– MY LAWYER –

Who to my wealth tenacious clung,
And for me wigged his oily tongue,
And at my foes hot embers flung?

– MY LAWYER –

Who told me he was dreadful smart,
And knew the law books all by heart,
And always took his client's part?

– MY LAWYER –

Who, in court, with peerless pride,
My rights affirmed, my guilt denied,
And swore the State's Attorney lied?

– MY LAWYER –

And when twelve men, in one compound,
For me a guilty verdict found,
Who came to stanch my bleeding wound?

– MY LAWYER –

Who said my time within the wall,
Would be exceedingly brief and small,
The minimum, or non at all?

– MY LAWYER –

And when the judge my doom proclaimed,
And twelve long years of exile named,
Who looked indignant and ashamed?

– MY LAWYER –

When at the sheriff's stern command,
I, for the chain, was told to stand,
Who longest shook and squeezed my hand?

– MY LAWYER –

Who, when of prison clothes I'm stripped,
And from these walls am homeward shipped,
Will get himself immensely whipped?

– MY LAWYER –

Author Unknown

LOST LOVE

John Michel

I am weary, life seems dreary,
And the world is bleak and bare.
I left my true love, for a new love,
Now there's none who think or care.
In my sadness, close to madness,
All the world has turned away.
I sit and cry now, I want to die now,
As I pine for my lost love of yesterday.

D.S.A.

This month marks the third annual presentation of the Montana Prison Jaycees award for distinguished service. The presentation will be held on the 22nd of this month in the Clark theatre.

At this time, we, of the M.P. NEWS staff would like to enter our nomination of the man who we feel is most deserving of this award.

The man that we have chosen for this honor is Jim Spurlock, president of the Jaycees, band runner, musician, sportsman and projector operator.

Jim has devoted Saturdays, Sundays and holidays for the past four years and untold hours in the winter afternoons in the running of the movie projector for the inmate populations enjoyment.

He is an accomplished boxer and sportsman, participating in the many matches and events held here.

He has been in the prison band for three and a half years and besides entertaining the men here, he has traveled to Boulder, Galen, Twin Bridges, Warm Springs, and Fort Harrison to perform for the unfortunates in those institutions.

He writes a column for this paper entitled "Musical Hi-Lites" which pertains to the band and their activities.

This year Jim collected money from inside the walls for the Foster Parents Program, a task which in itself should qualify him for the Distinguished Service Award.

Jim is well liked by everyone who knows him and it is this paper's conviction that Jim Spurlock is the man who is most worthy of the Distinguished Service Award.

SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR

We of the M. P. NEWS staff are also endorsing a candidate for the SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR. Our choice is an all around athlete and boxer extraordinary, Clifford White Cow.

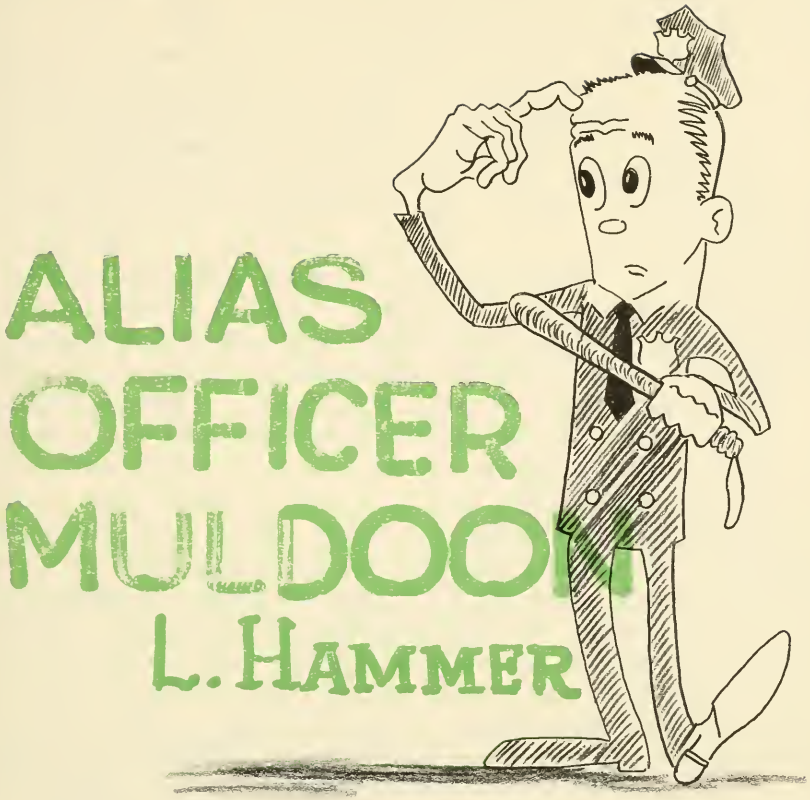
Clifford has proven his prowess in the squared circle, having won a number of matches with other boxers. Like all good boxers, he likes to win, but he has also proven that he is a good loser. Most of all he has shown us that it is possible to be a good sportsman, using fair play even when the other man doesn't.

Cliff also plays basketball, volleyball, etc.; you name the sport, he plays it--and extremely well! As far as sports go, few men can match him--he seems to have the expert's touch.

But the thing that caused the members of the M. P. NEWS staff to pick Clifford White Cow as our candidate is the way he takes the rules of good sportsmanship and applies them to his daily life. The real sportsman does just this; he is a sportsman all the time. Cliff excells in this definition of sportsmanship.

We also feel that any candidate for this award should be a man who is a willing and able worker. Again Cliff fits the bill. We on the staff have often heard others in the inmate body tell of the good work Cliff does at the laundry and also about his extra activities in behalf of helping his fellows on his own free time.

Thus, once again, Clifford White Cow is our choice for SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR!



"Awright, come out of those bushes with your hands up, both of you. Lively now, and no shenanigans," said officer Muldoon of the 15th Precinct, to whom he thought were prowlers by the Regal Golf Course and Country Club.

"Oh, d...d...Don't shoo...shoot, officer! It's only me. I mean, I, uh, it's Larry Lawrence."

"Tell your partner to come out too," said officer Muldoon, threateningly moving his revolver.

"B...b...But I have no partner, sir. I, I'm alone," said Larry.

"And who were you speaking to, me lad, the tree mayhaps?"

"You probably won't believe me, officer," said Larry, "but I was talking to an extra-terrestrial being who landed his saucer-like ship here awhile ago and had just left when you hailed me."

"Ah weel, and so you were to be sure! And I guess he was from Jupiter too, hmm?" said officer Muldoon.

"How did you know he was from Jupiter?" asked Larry, lowering his hands easily, which were extremely tired from being in the air so long above his head.

It seemed as if officer Muldoon was going to explode and be struck by apoplexy, so red did his face get as he swelled with indignation. "Get those hands up in the air!" barked officer Muldoon, as he further stated sarcastically, "And I suppose that these creatures were little green men with yellow tendrils and red-rimmed eyes too."

"Gee, you know them too, huh?" said Larry as he gleefully clapped his hands with joy, thinking that now the policeman would believe him and know he was not lying.

Surely it seemed that officer Muldoon would explode as he turned deep shades of red and purple, while roaring, "Do I know them? Oh the Saints preserve me should I believe such a story and be so ill as to do so of this tale of insanity!"

Going over to the call-box on the corner he was about to send for the looney squad. As he herded his prisoner with him, Larry said, "Sir, if you don't believe me I can prove my story, by just pushing the button on this gadget they left me to contact them with."

"Away with your malarkey!" said officer Muldoon as he reached for the receiver on the call-box. That, sad to say, was when officer Muldoon's world seemed to disintegrate. It was then that Larry pushed the button on the gadget, and what transpired was never really believed by the policeman, but he knew that it had happened.

A loud humming sound seemed to permeate the air as a rainbow of colors drenched Larry and officer Muldoon. A great, shiny, saucer-like cylindrical ship the likes of which had never been seen before came to earth right in the roadway by the plush country club.

"Mother McCree!" shouted officer Muldoon. "I see it but I don't believe it. May the Saints save me, I pray," he said as he backed off, taking out his revolver again.

"Don't worry, Mr. Policeman. They won't hurt you," said Larry as he smilingly advanced towards the space ship,which was beginning to open its entry way, or door, as we would call it.

Stepping out into the night was the most grotesque, but funny, little green man with golden tendrils and red rimmed eyes that it had ever been anyone's misfortune to see, let alone officer Muldoon's. Although it didn't

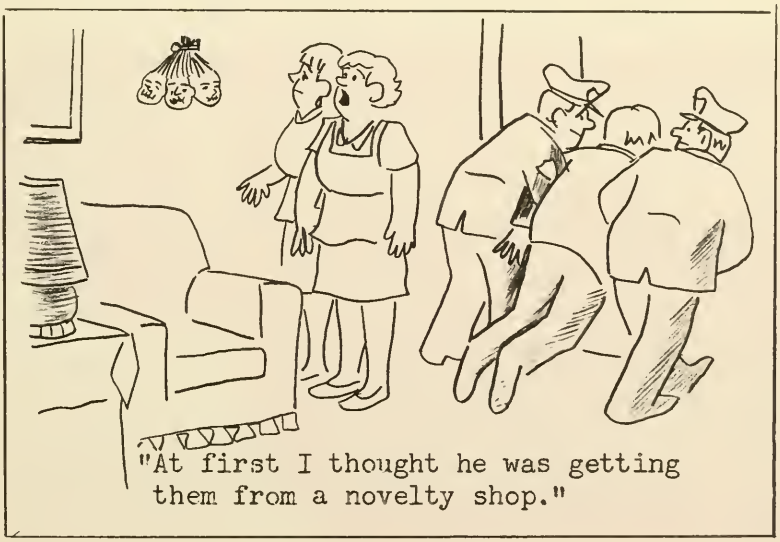
seem to speak, its thoughts were projected into the policeman's mind almost as if it was talking English with him; and, strange to say, it seemed to have an Irish brogue that would have done his father proud, Lord rest his soul, he thought.

"Now you, me lad," said officer Muldoon to Larry. "You got this insanity here, now get rid of it!"

"I'll try, but they won't leave unless they want to," he said. Speaking to the green man, Larry said, "Uh, Rozxquerta, the policeman says you have to leave as you are blocking the roadway and a car may come by. He says he wants to talk to you about the gremlins and fairies from County Cork where you come from,"he said to officer Muldoon, "as he thinks they may be related to him, for a ship like this was lost many years ago in the vicinity of what today is Ireland."

It was at this time that the call-box rang, and as officer Muldoon answered it he didn't know what to say. "Muldoon," roared Sergeant Riley, "what in the name of tarnation is going on in that neighborhood? We're getting calls about strange flying saucers and lights flashing and loud noises and hums. Have you seen anything relating to this?"

"No sir," said officer Muldoon, as he stammered out a reply. "Everything is okay, Sarge, and all is calm," he said, glaring at Larry, who was SMILING WITH AN I TOLD YOU SO LOOK ON HIS FACE.



"At first I thought he was getting them from a novelty shop."

TEN TOP LIFTERS

		B. WEIGHT	BENCH PRESS
1.	Bob Buchanan, Los Padres East	178 lbs	390 (R)
2.	Ernie Mays, Los Padres East	185 lbs	360
3.	Joe Cauley, San Quentin	194 lbs	350
4.	Jim Wesby, Indiana	127 lbs	235
5.	Billy Harding, Maryland	187 lbs	365
6.	James Thompson, Maryland	180¼ lbs	290
7.	Douglas Wright, Oregon	198 lbs	375
8.	Elijah Gresham, New Mexico	228 lbs	345
9.	Henry Scott, Maryland	163 lbs	250
10.	Larry Lynch, Lompoc	203 lbs	375

(T)-Ties national prison postal record.
(R)-New national prison postal record.
(N)-Mark is above national AAU power lift record.

(COMPARISON)-MSP WEIGHT LIFTERS

1.	Joe Allen	163 lbs	345
2.	Willie Weinberger	135 lbs	255
3.	Byron Gallagher	225 lbs	315
4.	Cecil Chappell	173 lbs	270
5.	Don Dixson	231 lbs	250
6.	Patrick Doyle	165 lbs	255
7.	Larry Brown	187 lbs	280
8.	Don Spadt	157 lbs	280

SQUAT	DEADLIFT	TOTAL
505	580	1475 (R)
500	640	1500
525 (R)	651 (R)	1526 (R)
378½ (R)	515½ (R)	1129 (R)
450	615	1430
525 (N)	575	1390
515	565	1455
505	660 (R)	1510
475 (N)	550	1275
500	550	1425

335	420	1100
320	325	900
370	470	1155
345	525	1140
425	485	1160
260	315	830
240	340	860
UK	UK	280

The Montana State Prison does not compete in the Prison Postal Power Weight Lifting Meets. I thought I would give a rundown on how our boys are doing here at the "Big Sky" Lodge, just to show how we compare with the lifters of other prisons.

We have one lifter in particular, THE MIGHTY MIDGET, Joe Allen, 163 lbs., who bears some watching. Joe is benching well up in the 300's. We have a few other boys that could hold their own should we ever be able to participate in the postal meets.

Winter has slowed down the sports happenings here, but we anticipate some more boxing matches in the near future. There will be some more bouts with outside boxers, such as the Job Corps, etc., plus boxers from inside the walls pitted against trusties from Rothe Hall.

So, until next month,

Willie

STATISTICS

As the Montana State Legislature meets this January, one of the items it must consider and that has received a wide amount of publicity in the state's news media is the appropriating and updating of the institutions. The following figures, of interest in considering these matters, were published in the Great Falls Tribune on Sunday, December 18th:

NAME AND LOCATION	CENSUS	STAFF SIZE	1967 BUDGET
Montana State Hospital at Warm Springs	1,970	560	$ 4,091,990
State Training School and Hospital at Boulder	891	260	1,674,782
State Prison at Deer Lodge	538	195	1,830,047
Children's Center at Twin Bridges	157	60	491,187
Center for Aged at Lewistown	148	28	205,765
State Industrial School at Miles City	150	95	674,534
State Pulmonary Disease Hospital at Galen	241	200	1,243,500
State Vocational School for Girls at Helena	61	46	302,657
Montana Veterans' Home at Columbia Falls	50	22	154,940

NOTE: The number of residents included in the table above was given by the Department of Institutions based on figures available Nov. 30. The Veterans' Home reported it had 58 men and 5 women as of Dec. 16.

Musical Hi-lites

JIM SPURLOCK

Just a few lines to bring you up on the happenings over in the band corner.

The big item at the present is our new band director, Mr. Charles Sewell. Mr. Sewell is a graduate of Helena High School. Previous to that he was from Great Falls.

While in Helena, Mr. Sewell had a number of bands of his own, which played at the various dances, dinners, etc. in that area. Leaving Helena after graduation, he played professionally with three different groups. We feel that he is a great addition to the band with his knowledge of music. This is something that we all need badly and haven't had previously.

In addition to music, Mr. Sewell is an accomplished boxer. He has had a number of professional fights, has been the sparring partner of Roger Rouse in the past, and will start again in a couple of weeks in the preparation of Rouse for his next fight.

Now that we've once again got a steady Band Director, the Band School is again having classes. Nick Griego is the teacher of the school.

Music-wise the band has only been playing for the tours that come through the institution, but--we are going to be playing for a dance at Warm Springs sometime this month. We hope!

That's about all the news from our corner for now. Will fill you in on the trip upon return.

The Belltones, an English handbell choir, made their appearance inside the gray stone walls of the Montana State Prison and at Rothe Hall Thursday, December 22nd. Such choirs are usually sponsored by church organizations, but the Belltones are sponsored by the Divide Grange, whose Hall they use to practice in.

The children who make up the choir range from eight years to twelve years. They are: Ellen and Janelle Guderian, Sandra Padrotti, Terry Stewart, Nancy Patterson, Carol Salusso, Debbie Tuttle, George Stewart, Michael Patterson, and Bill Morris. Adults working with the choir are Mr. and Mrs. Nevin Guderian, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Morris, and Mr. Earl Lindlief--the director. All of these people live either at Divide or Wise River.

The program contained several firsts for the State of Montana. This is probably the first time that a handbell choir has appeared within the prison, the first time that a choir of any type comprised of such young people has appeared, and the first time that a singalong has been held with a handbell choir in this state, if not the nation.

Mr. Lindlief explained the origin of English handbell choirs. One interesting item was that P. T. Barnum didn't think the name "English" was attention catching enough, dressed the members of a choir he brought to America in Swiss costumes and originated the name "Swiss Handbell Choir"--but the bells are English. The bells, by the way, cost somewhere between $700 and $900.

Being the Christmas season, the choir played "We Wish You a Merry Christmas," "O Come All Ye Faithful," "A Babe Lies In a Cradle," "We Three Kings," "Norwegian Carol," "White Christmas," "O Come! O Come, Emmanuel," "Tower Chimes" (a group of four London church tower chimes--Westminster,St. Paul's, St. Clemens', Guilford),

"Silent Night," and "Joy To the World!"

Aided by John Carlson's piano accompaniment, the audience joined in on some of the more familiar numbers. Also included in the program was a Christmas Dialog:

THE BELLTONES

"Not So Wise?" featuring Nicolas Griego, Leonard Hammer, and Chaplain John Rex (who also made the necessary arrangements for the program.)

Normally, such reports as this appear in our News In Brief section; that this one didn't is due to the exceptional nature of this choir and the program presented. The possibility exists that a return appearance may be held during the Easter season and we will be looking forward to this.

Our thanks goes out to all who made this program a meaningful experience, especially to Mr. Lindlief, the choir and Chaplain Rex.

"Remember men, the guy who escaped is both cunning and smart."

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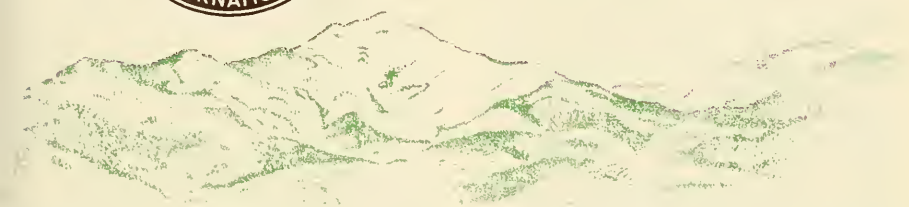

JANUARY 1967
Lawrence Morran, Editor
MONTANA STATE PRISON

ANNIVERSARY SPEAK-OFF

On the evening of Thursday, December 15th, the Mount Powell Toastmasters Gavel Club 141 was host for an Anniversary Speak-Off. The club's birthday is November 25th. Because this date usually falls too close to the Thanksgiving holidays the club celebrates its anniversary midway between the Thanksgiving and the Christmas holidays.

This year our invitations were not sent out as early as we would have liked; the 4th Anniversary stole upon us before most of us realized it was due. Nevertheless, several visitors were present from Butte and Helena. We also invited the La Barge Jaycees (formerly the M. P. Jaycees) to participate in the contest.

Patrick Herrmann, our President, opened the meeting and introduced Mr. Gordon Faulds, our club Counsellor, who welcomed the visiting Toastmasters to the Montana State Prison.

Following the Welcoming Address, Pat pulled a fast one on us by introducing himself as the Topic Master for the evening and calling on contestants for two minute Table Topics (usually Main Speeches come first).

The first Table Topic speaker was Mr. Jim Towey from the Butte Toastmasters. He was asked to speak on "How to improve time."

Representing the La Barge Jaycees was Mr. Cecil Parker. Mr. Parker delivered a speech on "Is honesty possible in today's world?"

Mr. Ed Solomon, representing the Butte Toastmasters, spoke on "My most appropriate witty story."

Mr. Mel Graves, representing the Mount Powell Toastmasters, answered the topic "Why I am a Toastmaster."

Mr. Graves was followed by Mr. Nicolas Griego, also from the Mount Powell Toastmasters, who spoke concerning "The Hard Road."

Mr. Griego was followed by Mr. John Marshall (city not known). Mr. Marshall spoke on "Something Worth Appreciating."

Following the Topic Speeches, Mr. Herrmann relinquished the podium to our Toastmaster for the evening, Mr. John Michel. Mr. Michel spoke briefly in honor of the Mount Powell Toastmasters Gavel Club's anniversary and proceeded to call on our Main Speakers for the evening.

Mr. Ed Solomon, from Butte, was given the honor of being the first Main Speaker for the program. He chose to deliver his speech on "The Life and Sayings of Will Rogers."

Next up was the Treasurer of our

club, Mr. Larry Dewey. Mr. Dewey chose his subject partly in relation to the season; he spoke on "Is It Chicken to be a Christian?," a satire concerning "nominal Christians."

Mr. Leroy Schleining was the Main Speaker chosen to represent the La Barge Jaycees. Taking his subject from an article recently published in The Reader's Digest, Mr. Schleining spoke on "Justice For Non-Criminals."

Mr. Jim Towey, representing the Butte Toastmasters, delivered an attention catching, humorous speech on "Civilization of Mankind, Past and Present."

The last Main Speaker for the evening was Mr. Lawrence Morran, Secretary for our club. He delivered a fine speech entitled "How Well Do You Remember?," a speech in commemoration of Pearl Harbor.

While the judges were preparing their report of winners, Mr. Jim Spurlock was called forward and asked as President of the La Barge Jaycees to deliver a speech concerning Jayceeism in the prison. It is this reporter's opinion that had he been a main or table topic speaker his name would have been found in the winners' column.

The Timer for the contest was Mr. David Youngblood, our Sergeant-at-Arms. The Judges for the contest were Mr. Gordon Faulds(our Counsellor) and Mr. John Van Gelder (city not known).

The contest was apparently quite closely matched, but the Judges did come up with definite winners in each division. The winners are as follows:

Table Topics

Highest Honors----------Nicolas Griego
2nd Highest Honors------John Marshall
3rd Highest Honors----------Ed Solomon

Main Speeches

Highest Honors----------Jim Towey
2nd Highest Honors--------Larry Dewey
3rd Highest Honors----Lawrence Morran

There were a couple of breaks in the program to allow for the Judges to evaluate the speakers, and these were utilized to become better acquainted with our guests. The result was discussion on two items that may interest more Toastmasters outside of the prison; these two items are reported elsewhere on this page.

All in all, this was a good competition; we not only enjoyed it, but we also learned from it. The members of our club want to extend their appreciation to all who helped to make our 4th Anniversary Speak-Off a success!

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COMMITTEE PROPOSED

Both in formal and informal sessions during the 4th Anniversary Speak-Off on December 15th a proposal was placed before our guest Toastmasters. Mr. Ed Solomon, Area Governor for Toastmasters in this area, talked about the proposal with the Treasurer of our club and said that he intends to carry the proposal to fellow Toastmasters in western Montana.

The idea proposed is to form a committee of both inmate and "free world" Toastmasters who would meet periodically to plan programs in co-operation with each other and arrange for both individual clubs and groups of clubs to speak together at the prison.

Discussed also were the possibility of holding a Toastmasters Convention and of allowing inmates who are members of Mount Powell Toastmasters to join Toastmasters groups while on parole or upon discharge from the Montana State Prison.

Working closely with the Administration, it is hoped that a workable program for such a committee can be established in the near future.

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FEBRUARY SPEAK-OFF

At the time of this writing no date has been set because the Mount Powell Toastmasters have not held their monthly business meeting, but the first item of business will be the planning for a February Speak-Off. The idea was proposed by one of our guests.

As soon as we have had our business meeting, we plan to send out invitations to our fellow Toastmasters in nearby towns. We anticipate these will have been sent in the early part of January, thus they should arrive by the time this newsletter is published. Welcome Toastmasters!

BROTHERHOOD

Box 7
Deer Lodge, Montana

JANUARY 1967
Larry Dewey, Editor
MONTANA STATE PRISON

DOCTRINE OF THE HOLY SPIRIT

Billy Graham, in a message addressed to the Sacramento, California, ministerium and reported in the Full Gospel Men's Voice in January, 1961, said, "In the main denominations we have looked a bit askance at our brethren from the Pentecostal churches because of their emphasis on the doctrine of the Holy Spirit, but I believe the time has come to give the Holy Spirit His rightful place in our churches. We need to learn once again what it means to be Baptized with the Holy Spirit."

FELLOWSHIP VARIETY

On December 6th the Inside Brotherhood was honored by the presence of Mr. Gerhard Muecke, Mr. Wilbur McKinney, Mr. George Casey, and Dr. Arthur Anderson. Dr. Anderson, formerly a missionary to Guatamala, is now pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Helena. After a fine singspiration, Dr. Anderson shared thoughts with us concerning "The Book People Don't Read Very Much!" He claimed we ought to get back down to earth about the Bible and realize its historical settings and answers to human needs, "After all, it's not just a bunch of celestial jargon."

December 13th found Lieutenant Charles Ashby, Salvation Army officer stationed at Butte, as our guest. Brother Ashby brought his ukulele and played it for all the songs during the meeting. Songs such as "Have Thine Own Way, Lord," "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," "Holy, Holy, Holy," "I Am Thine, O Lord," "When Upon Life's Billows," "Just As I Am," "A Wonderful Saviour Is Jesus My Lord," "Blest Be the Tie," "Standing On the Promises," and "Joy to the World" really rang out during the singspiration. Brother Ashby sang a solo, "O Happy Day," accompanying himself with the ukulele and having the Brotherhood join in on the chorus, and then delivered a truly Spirit-inspired message, "Connecting With the Lord." He stated, "Everything that really counts--love, faith, hope--is invisible. You just have to take God at His word; He's invisible too!" He also urged us to practice the "joy of the Lord!" There were plenty of laughs, good fellowship, and a real message from God in this meeting.

The Inside Brotherhood celebrated its Fifth Anniversary on the evening of December 20th. President Joe Johnson called on charter members Harry Gregg, the fellowship's first president, and Larry Dewey for brief testimonies concerning the advancement of the group. A real good singspiration was followed by refreshments (coffee and cake). Rev. Howard Huff, pastor of the Anaconda Methodist Church, and Brother Hugh Croughan of the Anaconda Baptist Church were our guests for the evening. Rev. Huff spoke concerning "Three Symbols of Christmas." These were the cradle, the cross, and the crown--each of which is related to the others, for Christ came to die, to conquer death and the grave, and is to rule throughout eternity.

CHRISTIAN HYPOCRISY

(Editor's Note: The following was gleaned from The Lesson in Spiritual Efficiency, printed in a church bulletin.)

Some people go to church for the wrong purpose. While the service is proceeding they look around and see that young unwed mother or that young

man just released from prison, and mentally say to themselves, "Thank God I'm not like that person!"

Sound familiar? It should. This is the very same thing Jesus was talking about when he told the parable about the Pharisee and the Publican in the Temple (Luke 18:9-14). Both of these men went to "church," but for very different purposes.

The Church is not for perfect people! Many people point their finger and say, "Oh, John Doe can't be a Christian! Why, do you know what he did?" And they tell about John Doe's sins and shortcomings. These people do not know what a Christian is; for a Christian is a sinner, but one who has been forgiven by God.

However, judgment must begin with the house of God. We, as Christians, are too guilty of this kind of Pharisaism.

Perhaps it would be well for us to re-read the Bible. The apostle John knew that we Christians are sinners and he wrote, "If we (who are Christians) say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us" (I John 1:8). He then went on, "If anyone (who is a Christian) does sin, we (who are Christians) have an advocate with the Father,Jesus Christ the righteous;and he is the expiation for our sins (even the sins of us who are Christians)" (I John 2:1,2).

Yes, sorry to say, we Christians do sin. That is why we too need the Church. If we were perfect there would be no need for the Church or its fellowship.

But the Christian is most guilty of sin when he hypocritically points the finger at a brother Christian who has failed in some area of his life and faith. Rather than do this, let us heed the apostle Paul's advice, "Encourage one another and build one another up" (I Thessalonians 5:11). Then we (all of us Christians) can rejoice in our "common salvation" (Jude 3).

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QUARTERLY BUSINESS MEETING

The Inside Brotherhood elected officers for the Winter Quarter of January, February and March on the evening of December 27th. Elected to office were:

President----------Leonard Hammer
Vice President----------Joe Johnson
Secretary----------Larry Dewey

Attending the meeting as our guest was Rev. A. F. Olsen, director for the Revival Center Mission located in Missoula. Brother Olsen, a Pentecostal minister, delivered a powerful, Spirit-filled message during the meeting.

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FUNERAL FOR A DEAD CHURCH

A young minister just starting out, being appointed to his first church, was immediately approached by some of the prominent members of the church trying to discourage him. They said, "You can't do anything here, the church is dead. You are wasting your time."

This opinion was so prevalent and persistent that at last the young pastor said, "All right, the church is dead. Very well then, we will bury it."

To the amazement of the congregation, the following Sunday the minister announced that the funeral service of the church would be held.

The next Sunday the church was crammed. The pastor gave an eloquent sermon on the church's good works of the past. She had done what she could, he said, now she is gone. She had finished her course. When the sermon was finished, the pastor invited the congregation to "view the remains."

Very curiously, the people filed down the aisle. The first looked in the casket, shuddered and passed on. Each in turn was likewise affected.

In the casket was a looking glass! The "remains" were themselves; they were the dead church. It is said the effect was so startling that the church was resurrected.

"And you he made alive, when you were dead through the trespasses and sins in which you once walked" (Ephesians 2:1,2).

The Silent Messenger

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INVITATION

Christian men are always welcome at our Brotherhood meetings. Write to Chaplain John E. Rex for a visit.

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